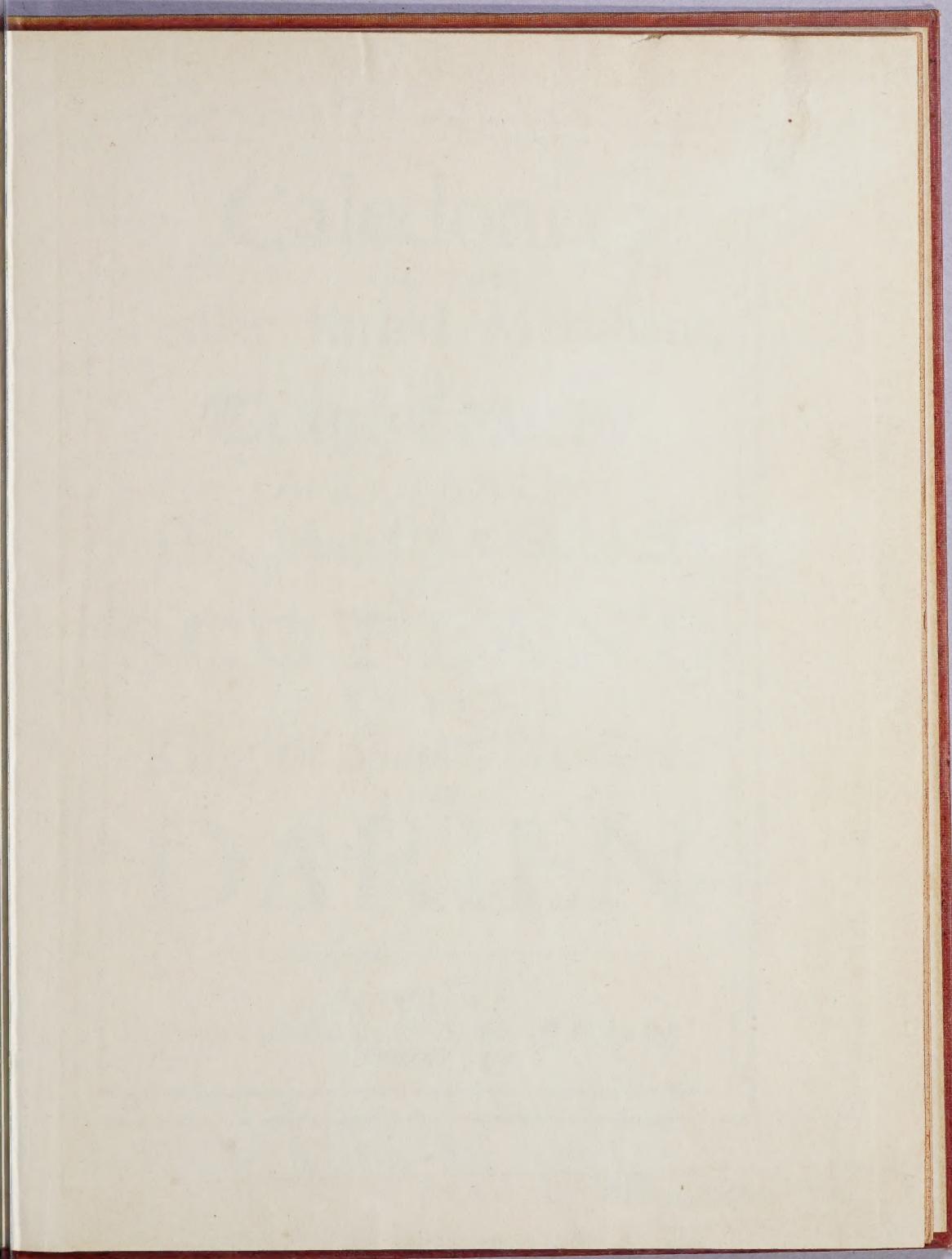




John Carter Brown.



not on paper,

Dub

*Taterson*

550

**Caledonia;**  
OR, THE  
Pedlar turn'd Merchant.

A  
**Tragt-Come dy,**  
As it was Acted by  
His Majesty's Subjects  
OF  
**SCOTLAND,**  
IN THE  
King of Spain's Province  
OF  
**DARIEN.**

*L O N D O N :*  
Printed, and sold by the Booksellers of London and  
Westminster. 1700.

222

Historia Bellorum  
Romano-Macedoniorum  
Graecorum et Barbarorum  
ad finem Regni Seleucidae  
etiam etiam  
Aeneas Tullius  
de origine Romanorum  
Aeneas Tullius

RPJC

JOHN CATER BROWNE

# Caledonia, &c.

## I.

**A** Sorry Poor Nation, which lies as full North,  
As a great many Lands which are wiser,  
Was resolv'd to set up for a People of Worth,  
That the *Loons* who laugh'd at Her might  
prize her.

## II.

Her *Sons* were as false, and as apt for deceit,  
As her *Daughters* were ready for change ;  
And if *Scrubbing Scot* had an *Itch* to be great,  
It deserv'd more Excuse than the *Mange*.

## III.

But what means to find out, or make use of what ways,  
Was a business quite puzzled her Thought,

B

For

( 2 )

For believe me 'twas no easie matter to raise  
Such indigent Scoundrels from nought.

## IV.

When (as ill Luck would have it) it came in her Head,  
To fling by her Packs and her Linnen,  
And since Times had always in Scotland been Dead,  
To chuse a new Method to sin in.

## V.

Her Neighbours she saw, and curs'd them and their gains,  
Had Gold as they ventur'd in search on't,  
And why should not she who had Guts in her brains  
From a Pedlar turn likewise a Merchant ?

## VI.

Her claim was as fair, and as Just was her Plea  
To the goods of this Life as the best,  
And if Sinners look green like a Fruitful Bay Tree,  
That a Scotch-man should Wither's a Jest.

## VII.

Yet Mammon was false to his Worshipper true,  
And with-held from his sight what he serv'd,  
And though he sinn'd on, and believ'd like a Jew,  
Like a Saint of a Christian he stary'd.

## VIII.

( 3 )

## VIII.

Howe'er, 'twas resolv'd it should cost her a fall  
 But her Children should prosper and rise,  
 And she'd venture their Necks, and the Devil and all,  
 - Of what Worth, is best known to the Wise.

## IX.

For how could she Fall who Crep'd on the Ground,  
 And was level'd with Thistles and Brakes?  
 Or what Risque cou'd they Run who had nought to be  
 found  
 But their Necks, and their Lice for their Stakes?

## X.

Yet, though the Base Land and her People were curs'd  
 With the want of Just means to get Wealth;  
 Though their Feilds and their Faces spoke Hunger and  
 Thirst  
 Their Hands were for Plenty and Health.

## XI.

And if their Lean Acres 'stead Breadcorn and Wines,  
 Bore 'em Oats to discover their Natures,  
 And they'd nothing but Cole-Pits in the Room of Gold-  
 Mines  
 To shew what was design'd for such Creatures.

35

( 4 )

XII.

'Twas the very same thing since Spain and Peru  
Had abundance of what they had none ;  
Could they steal it, no matter where the Mineral grew,  
Possession would make it their own.

XIII.

This Paterson saw, their Pastor and Guide,  
Who rejoyc'd such a Frollick had seiz'd 'em ;  
And flinging his Texts, and his Sermons aside,  
Left his Flocks to be damn'd if it pleas'd 'em.

XIV.

The Prospect of Gain made him off with his Band,  
And away with his Bible Geneve ;  
For he had a business of Weight on his Hand,  
The Deceivers to Cheat and Deceive.

XV.

He had whin'd, and had pray'd, and had taught, and  
had read,  
Till his Hearers were going to leave him ;  
And had got scarce a Morsel to put in his Head,  
For the Deel of a Jack could they give him.

XVI.

( 5 )

## XVI.

When he thought it but fit, as an Orthodox Teacher  
 To get rid of his Pennyless Lecture,  
 And since he look'd thin and had starv'd when a Preacher,  
 To grow Fat with the Name of Projector.

## XVII.

Wherefore packing up his Divinity Tools,  
 He left Them and their Sins to God's Mercys,  
 And forsaking the care of their Ignorant Souls,  
 He put in for the care of their Purses.

## XVIII.

Which no one had strove for had their Credit not went  
 Pritty currant with those who ne'er knew  
 The Reasons they took up at Thirteen per Cent.  
 What they ne're could repay though at Two.

## XIX.

The People were willing, and ready prepar'd  
 To give way to his Protestant suit,  
 And greedily caught and believ'd what they heard,  
 Though they ne're from the Pulpit wou'd do't.

## XX.

## XX.

Which the sly Man of Kirk having Joyfully found,  
 He made use of his Wits at Command,  
 And told 'em he knew of a large Peice of Ground,  
 Where Gold was as Plenty as Sand.

## XXI.

And their Title to Rule it was as firm and as clear  
 As the Scots were ordain'd for Salvation ;  
 Nor could the poor sorrowful place where they were  
 Be design'd for a Sanctify'd Nation.

## XXII.

‘ Ye are Israel’s Sons,’ said the Scandal of Priests,  
 ‘ And Israel’s Sons should be fed  
 Not with Onions and Oatcakes like a Parcel of Beasts,  
 But with Manna and good Wheaten Bread.

## XXIII.

‘ Your Fathers before ye spent many a day  
 In Bondage, in Want, and in Labours,  
 Till Moses got Pharoah to send ’em away  
 To the grief of their Land-Lords and Neighbours.

## XXIV.

(27)

## XXIV.

- ‘ And I weep when I think that my Countrymen’s case  
 ‘ Has so near a Resemblance to theirs,  
 ‘ That they sweat and they toil in manuring a place.  
 ‘ Which has nothing to give’em but Tares.

## XXV.

- ‘ But if ye’l be rul’d and be flexible Lads  
 ‘ In treading the Paths which I’ll shew,  
 ‘ And attend to good Counsel like your Israelite Dade,  
 ‘ I’ve a Canaan in store too for you.

## XXVI.

- ‘ Not that I bid you do as your Fathers have done,  
 ‘ Who God help’em are fast in their Grave,  
 ‘ But those who’ve no goods or effects of their own,  
 ‘ May make use of iheir Neighbohrs which have.

## XXVII.

The words were scarce out, and had mingled with Air,  
 When the People soon found what he meant,  
 And as a return to his Fatherly care  
 Scratch’d their A---ses to shew their consent.

## XXVIII.

559  
( 8 )

XXVIII.

For the Reader must know that as other Folks hum  
And clap at the close of a Speech ;  
So to shew they are Tickled, these finger their Bum  
And lay hold on the places which Itch.

XXIX.

Though he well might have spar'd the consent which he  
gave  
To the giddy Felonious Rout,  
For they ne're were yet known to stand asking for leave,  
But to take what they wanted without.

XXX.

As for their Relation to the People of God,  
Such a claim have th' incredulous Jews,  
And though this Alliance might look very odd  
'Twas made out by their Faith, and their Shoes.

XXXI.

The first was like Saul's, and breath'd Famin and War,  
To the true Church of Christ and his Priests  
And the last in the Wilderness travel'd so far  
That their feet were as bare as their Beasts.

XXXII.

( 9 )

## XXXII.

But allow that for Truth which their Leader had said,  
 And conclude 'em right Jews in their *Hearts* ;  
 They were down-right *Ægyptians* by the *Lice* which  
     were spread  
 In the midst of their other foul *parts*.

## XXXIII.

Let 'em be what they would, 'twast the Vote of each *Clan*,  
 They'd a right to be led by a *Moses*,  
 And this was the *Sanctify'd Tool* of a Man  
     Whom they'd follow next after their *Noises*.

## XXXIV.

The *Zealot* ne're stood like our *speakers* at *London*,  
 Who bemoan their own *want* of *deserts*,  
 And seem to pretend they could w i t h that were *undone*  
     Which if *really so'd*, break their hearts.

## XXXV.

But to shew that the Person they'd chosen had got  
 A *soul* full as plain as his *Phiz*,  
 Took the Mob at *their word*, for fear should he not  
     And Refuse, they might take him at *his*.

C

## XXXVI

( 10 )

## XXXVI.

Yet though the Scabbed Flock would have follow'd their  
*Guide*  
 And have ventur'd through Thick and through Thin  
 Without any such thing as an *Act* on their side  
 To put a good *Gloss* on the sin.

## XXXVII.

He resolv'd he'd a Law for his purpose procure,  
 And *Thieve* like a true Man of Sense,  
 And cheating the *People*, to make all things sure,  
 By putting a Trick on the *Prince*.

## XXXVIII.

And away the *Lay-Priest* to the Senate-House went  
 With his Mob at his Heels to stand by him,  
 While he sued for their *Indigent Honours* consent,  
 Which nothing of *Scot* could deny him.

## XXXIX.

But, Lord ! What a Joy there appear'd in the *Throng*,  
 Who had hopes to obtain *Transportation* !  
 How they 'noited their *Joynts*, and he *Liquor'd his Tongue*  
 To address the great *Dans* of the Nation !

## XL.

## ( 11 )

## XL.

Not a Man of a Thousand of all that came there,  
 But look'd big, as already preferr'd,  
 And his *Shirt* full of *Lice* and his *Head* full of *Care*  
 Spoke him not a jot less than his *Laird*.

## XLI.

The Senate for their part, to their Praise be it told,  
 Were putting their Noddles together,  
 And consulting what *Frize* would best keep out the *Cold*  
 And fence off the next Winter's sharp *Weather*.

## XLII.

However they drop'd their *Debates*, and their *Votes*,  
 And left hearing *Committee Men's Speeches*  
 Concerning the thickness and make of their *Coats*  
 For a Mettle to put in their *Breeches*.

## XLIII.

And as soon as they heard 'em name *Gold Bars* and *Dust*  
 With abundance of such pritty matters,  
 They thought it belong'd to their *Station* and *Trust*,  
 To get some for their *Wives* and *Daughters*.

## C 2

## XLIV.

( 12 )

## XLIV.

And up rose a Sage Member, whose Worshipful Face  
 Made the Saints near him almost adore him,  
 And gave 'em to know he could say a long Grace,  
 Had he good store of *Victuals* before him.

## XLV.

With his Eyes towards *Heav'n*, & his Heart towards Gain  
 He made a long Prayer in *Scotch*,  
 Though he might have forborn the fatigue of his Brain,  
 And succeeded as soon in *Low-Dutch*.

## XLVI.

Yet to shew that his Parents had taken some care  
 In breeding their Eloquent Son,  
 And that some of their Wits were as sharp as their Air,  
 And could make use of more Tongues than One.

## XLVII.

Having pull'd off his Hat, as a Man that had been  
 Beyond the unmannerly *Tweed*,  
 And had beaten the Hoof and good Christians had seen  
 Who taught him to Bow at a need.

## XLVIII.

( 13 )

## XLVIII.

He whin'd it in English to prevail for the Throng,  
 As a Language of Weight and Address,  
 And hating the People, made use of their Tongue  
 For the sake of the better success.

## XLIX.

Brethren (he cry'd) behold! How good  
 The Lord is to his People!  
 He on our side not only stood,  
 And batter'd down vain Gods of Wood,  
 But gave us Church and Steeple.

## L.

Thanks to his Name, we now possess,  
 Th' Effects of those we heard once,  
 And have their Lands without their Dres,  
 As we take pleasure to oppress  
 The very Men we fear'd once.

## LI.

Yet though we sinfully have spar'd  
 Their Life, and took their Living,  
 God has been bountious still; and heard,  
 Our readiness to stand prepar'd,  
 For something of his Giving.

## LII.

## LII.

*And lo ! to this Good Man is told  
By Heav'ny Inspiration,  
How we may wallow all in Gold,  
As our Good Sires in Dirt of Old,  
And grow a Pow'rful Nation.*

## LIII.

*Then what avails it that we've sent  
The Singing Men a grazing ?  
That Priests for want of Meat keep Lent,  
And Bishops starve in Banishment,  
Whilst we their Goods are Praising ?*

## LIV.

*That Surplices are out of door,  
And Liturgies uncommon,  
That now the Babylonish Whore,  
With all her Ceremonious Store,  
Is worshipped by no Man ?*

## LV.

*If we't' our shame) at last refuse  
The Motions of the Spirit ;  
And having any State to chuse,  
And be as Rich as any Jews  
Not venture and Inherit.*

## LVI.

( 15 )

## LVI.

To be sure such a Godly *Proposal* as this  
 Which had one of th' *Elett* to stand by it,  
 Must needs be receiv'd, and th' Event hit or Miss,  
 They could ne're have the hearts to deny it.

## LVII.

'Twas therefore agreed by the *Saints* one and all  
 To consent to the *Robb'ry* Projected,  
 And ne're to refuse so *Gracious* a *Call*,  
 But to do as the *Spirit* directed.

## LVIII.

Not that I can e're think or am apt to believe  
 That the Burghers knew *Pateron's Drift*,  
 But am told though their *Tenants* are Idle and thieve,  
 They know how to be just at a *lift*.

## LIX.

However 'twas voted that the *Critical Minute*  
 Was come for 'em all to be *made*,  
 And (*Religion turn out*) the Devil was in it,  
 But *Room* was now left 'em for *Trade*.

( 16 . )

## LX.

A Bill was prepar'd with a Cartload of Clauses,  
 That his Majesty might not peruse it,  
 And having a sight of their Reasons and Causes  
 Take advice, and go near to refuse it.

## LXI.

This the good Prince ne're dream'd of, or suppos'd the  
 Breasts  
 Of a People his Sword had preserv'd,  
 But immediately sign'd, to get rid of his Guests  
 Who fed in his Camp as Half starv'd.

## LXII.

For the King had all manner of Reason to hope  
 That they harbour'd no thoughts which were Evil,  
 Nor imagin'd the Zealots whom he'd sav'd from the Pope  
 Were running headlong to the Devil.

## LXIII.

Tis not to be thought but the Deputies made  
 All the hast that they could to be gone ;  
 And having ill serv'd whom they ne're well obey'd,  
 Took Horse when their Business was done.

## LXIV.

( 17 )

## LXIV.

Though 'twas Death to the canting *Wiseacres* to part  
 With the sight of good Victuals and Drink,  
 And for *actual* provisions which enliv'd their Heart,  
 Go to feed on *Potentiel Chink*.

## LXV.

As for his part the Wise *Lord Commission'r's Grace*  
 Was not the in the least at a stand,  
 But call'd in a trice for the *Scepter* and *Mace*,  
 At the sight of his *Sovereign's Hand*.

## LXVI.

And *Christning* the *Bill* by a touch to an *Act*  
 Gave the *Brat* such a Title and Claim  
 As 'twill get nothing by, 'tis master of sa *&*,  
 While *Tweedal's* its *Godfather's Name*.

## LXVII.

The News had no sooner reach'd *Edinburg Town*,  
 And been heard by the *Famishing Tribe* ;  
 But the Realms of both *Indies* ev'ry foot Were their *own*,  
 And the Country came into *Subscribe*.

D

## XLVIII.

( 18 )

## LXVIII.

Not a man but would gang, and go set down his Fist,  
 Marry would he put in for the Plate ;  
 And since 'twas nothing else but to be in the List  
 He'd immediately get an Estate.

## LXIX.

Such a number of *Scrawls*, and of *Pot-hooks*, and *Marks*  
 No Parish beside this could boast,  
 As the *Knights of the Thistle*, fine blew Ribbon'd *Sparks*,  
 Set their Hands with the *Knights of the Post*.

## LXX.

The *Nobles*, for want of the Ready, made o're  
 Their Estates to promote the design ;  
 And in *Quality-Capitals* own'd they were poor,  
 And perfectly Strangers to *Coin*.

## LXXI.

The *Clergy*, (mistake me not) those who could read  
 Sold their *Calvin*, and *Baxter*, and *Knocks* ;  
 And turn the *Whites* of their Eyes to succeed,  
 Bless'd the *Pieces*, and pray'd for large *Stocks*.

## LXXII.

( 19 )

## LXXII.

The Commons to forward the Vows and the Wishes  
 They had made to see Ships in the Frytb,  
 Made away with their Kettles, and Trenchers, and Dishes,  
 And would have made sale of their Teeth.

## LXXIII.

But none could be found but had more than euough  
 Of his own, than he well could employ ;  
 And all could find Grinders when few could find Stuff,  
 To set 'em at work, or could buy.

## LXXIV.

Having rais'd what they could, and advanc'd such a Sum,  
 As our Parish Collectors for Dues,  
 Twas adviseable thought to go farther from Home  
 And get other Lands into their Noose.

## LXXV.

And to shew that the Country next to 'em should have  
 The advantage of those more at distance,  
 They agreed first on England, as a place where a Knave,  
 Might prevail, and have ample Subsistance.

195

(20)

LXXVI.

When away the Sage Elders' stead of Scotch Cloth & Packs,  
The Burthens they commonly bore,  
Took their Books of Subscriptions and their Lists on their  
Backs  
And jogg'd on to the Christian Shore.

LXXVII.

Where 'twas all things to nothing but their tricks and  
abuses  
Would have finger'd the Baggs of some Dons,  
Which had got'em fair Wives for other Men's uses,  
And foul Chambermaids for their Sons.

LXXVIII.

But the Parliament smell'd out the Steach of the Plot,  
As the Sinners were serving there Turns  
And caution'd the Cukold to beware of the Scot  
If he meant to keep Gold with his Horns.

LXXIX.

Else the Patient Disciples of Rogers and Shore  
Had paid in the Sums they set down,  
And the sake of the Brethren and the Love of Gold Ore,  
Had gutted that Sect in the Town.

LXXX.

(21)

## LXXX.

As the *Ptyſical Saints* who ſate up for the *Mace*,  
Believ'd what was ſaid, and would hear 'em ;  
And a Bookseller thought to ſubſcribe was his Place  
As he ſerv'd the good *Biſhop of Sarum*.

## LXXXI.

As a ſet of *Wife* ſparks who *two Millions* could raiſe,  
Much ſooner than ever was known  
Would have fall'n by another Land's projects and ways  
Who are now going down by their own.

## LXXXII.

Such a rub in his way as a *Senate-Houſe Vote*  
Was enough to have damp'd a Mans Spirits ;  
But insolent *Paterſon* kept his first Note,  
And ſtood up for the *Cauſe*, and it's *Merits*.

## LXXXIII.

And cursing their *Wifdom*, who could ſee through the  
*Cheat*.  
March'd off with his *Parchment and Scrowls*,  
And endeaſ'ring to ſhake the *Duſt from his Feet*,  
Had like to've got rid of his *Soles*.

LXXXIV.

## LXXXIV.

( 22 )

## LXXXIV.

For he'd trotted so far on an Errand so vain,  
 Where his Time and his Labour were lost,  
 That to set the frail Remnants together again  
 Was too hard on the Company's cost.

## LXXXV.

The place he next fix on as a refuge for such,  
 Whom no Kingdom beside would receive  
 Was the Protestant Land of good natur'd DUTCH  
 Who without all dispute would believe.

## LXXXVI.

On Calvin that Nation pinn'd her Faith and her Trust,  
 And he Calvin's opinions had taught ;  
 Which would make for his purpose, yes in Troth that it  
 must,  
 Or the Country was running stark naught.

## LXXXVII.

And having invented a Specious fair Tail,  
 For Money to pay for their Fraights,  
 He and his Comrades in an instance set sail  
 To address the Compassionate STATES.

## LXXXVIII.

( 23 )

## LXXXVIII.

Who, pious good Men, for the sake of their Land  
 Are pleas'd to be always content  
 To accept of Proposals from head or from hand,  
 If the profit be Thirty per Cent.

## LXXXIX.

But the Righteous Projector, like a true Man of Crape  
 Took a Sooterkin's treat at free Cost,  
 And while he bless'd Heaven for the Juice of the Grape,  
 In a Hellish Condition was lost.

## XC.

And his Falshood all drown'd in the Truth of the Cup  
 He spew'd out his Old Kingdom's design,  
 And discharging his Stomach the secret came up  
 And disclos'd a worse stench than his Wine.

## XCI.

Not that those he apply'd to, had Stomacks so squemish  
 To grow sick or be pall'd at the thing,  
 But a fmell good or bad's never noisome in Flemish,  
 And a Turd's all the same as Old Ling.

## XCII.

( 24 )

## XCII.

But their Magistrates thought it more Politick still  
 In their dealings with Neighbour or Stranger,  
 Though they'd take all occasions to bring Grist to their  
 Mill,  
 To bring't, if they could, without danger.

## XCIII.

Without any dispute our *Apostle* was vext  
 To see matters so damnable cross,  
 However he studied from the *Words of the Text*  
 To help those who occasion'd his loss.

## XCIV.

And since the *Fleet Royal* of Scotland was ta'ne  
 By a French Privateer nigh the shore  
 And the two Ships would ne're ride in Leith Road again,  
 That did nothing but wast the Kings store.

## XCV.

He gravely consider'd that the Hollanders Wood,  
 Had it's growth in a Presbyter Nation,  
 And the Timber no question was Sea-proof and good  
 Whose Owners held Predestination.

## XCVI.

( 25 )

## XCVI.

Wherefore, though he could not get in for their Gilt  
 By his Subtle Delusions and Pray'rs;  
 He order'd some Protestant Ships to be built  
 That the Dutch might be Masters of Their's.

## XCVII.

Least the Plancks, should they come from Idolatrous Ground,  
 Might give way, and the Brethren be lost,  
 And those who were born to be serv'd might be drown'd,  
 And the Frouerb and Doctrine be crost.

## XCVIII.

Yet to shew that Dame Fortune could never subdue,  
 The minds of a People so Stout,  
 He Shrug'd up his Shoulders, as one who'd pursue  
 What his Masters had sent him about.

## XCIX.

But as Augurs of Old before a design  
 Stood waiting the Birds and their Flight,  
 And from that side they flew to could gues and Divine,  
 If it was a good minute to Shite;

## C.

So the North-Country Prophet as full of concern  
 As if more than the Scotch laid at stake;  
 Attended devoutly for a token to learn  
 If People worth nothing could break.

E

CI.

( 26 )

## C.I.

When before he could possibly turn him self round  
 As he pray'd for a sign to set sail,  
 To his unspeakable comfort he found,  
 A Louse bite the left Cheek of nis Tail.

## CII.

And Transported with Joy for the Signal, he cry'd,  
 Heav'n bids us put off from this shore,  
 'Tis apparent good Luck, since he bites the left side,  
 And Fortune will thwart us no more,

## CIII.

Which had like to've been true, and a Louse had been rais'd  
 To Men's Worship, as Beasts in old Times,  
 Had the Hamburgers swallow'd the Bait which they prais'd,  
 And shar'd in their Traffick, and Crimes.

## LCIV.

But a Resident just to the Prince and the Land  
 Whose Honour and Wealth was his aim,  
 Made 'em hold back their Money, though they put down their  
 hand,  
 For the sake of their Master's great Name.

## CV.

Which the Felons made use as a Specious Disguise,  
 For the Theft which was just in pretence ;  
 That what was found out, and refus'd by the Wise  
 Might be caught at by Men of no Sense.

## CVI.

( 27 )

## CVI.

Having lost his *Shoal Anchor*, what Methods to take

No Mortal among 'em could tell him;  
He had done what he could for *Christianity's sake*,  
And yet nothing but mischiefs befell him.

## CVII.

He had sounded the *Lovers of Calvin and Christ*,  
But they'd nothing with which they would part ;  
And neither *Meeting* or *Church* would bring *Grist*  
Though he did what he could for his Heart.

## CVIII.

Poor *Luther's Disciples* he'd have joyn'd with the *Kirk*,  
But they'd baulk'd his *Expectance* and *hope*,  
And he must either side with the *Jew* or the *Turk*,  
Or be *damn'd* and go *Snacks* with the *Pope*.

## CIX.

This made him be desp'rate, and advise his *Collegues*,  
To stand by his Project or fall,  
And since they were cross'd by an *Envoy's* Intreagues  
To rob *Peter* to even with *Paul*.

## CX.

And taking up Money which will ne're be repay'd  
He got three of his Ships out of Trouble  
While the rest in the *Ouze* not in Lavender laid,  
Rotted on to shew *Scot* for a Bubble.

## CXI.

( 28 )

## CXI.

And to make it appear the *Projector* could *Swim*,  
 Though the *Project* was ready to *sink*,  
 Homewards he sail'd with his *Vessels* as *Trim*  
 As if those which were in 'em had *Chink*.

## CXII.

For their Part the Ships were all new spick and span,  
 And had Cannon as other Ships bore,  
 Which made the Scots run, Child, Woman, and Man  
 At such a Strange sight to the shore.

## CXIII.

Yet though their new *Fleet* made a sort of a show  
 And the *People* took *Pleasure* to see 'em ;  
 Their *Owners* they sigh'd and ask'd Councel to know  
 Now they'd purchas'd 'em what to do wi' 'em.

## CXIV.

At last 'twas agreed, and for certainty found,  
 That whatever came of their affair ;  
 The *Ships* could but *sink*, and the *Sailors* be *drown'd*  
 Which would make things no worse than they were.

## CXV.

And orders were giv'n to their Servants and Skippers,  
 To loose their Top-sails and be gone,  
 Where their *Parsons*, and *Bibles*, and *Perukes*, and *Slippers*  
 Would bring 'em in for y for one,

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## CXVI.

They'd abundance of other pritty nick-nacks to truck  
 And Exchange with the Natives for Gold ;  
 When flinging three Lice on the shore for good Luck,  
 They Launch'd forward to *steal* what they could.

## CXVII.

And being in hast for the Island of Riches  
 They steer'd to catch hold on the Prey,  
 Though that Man was happy who had Coat or had Breeches,  
 To lay down for food in his way.

## CXVIII.

Nothing Material through the Voyage fell out,  
 As they tempted the Winds and the seas ;  
 But their Moveables went without scruple or doubt  
 For Provision's to Jack Portuguese.

## CXIX.

And Patersons *Maiden* was first brought to bed  
 Of a *Bastard*, and afterwards Married,  
 As the *Fruit* of her *Womb*, more Lucky'y Sped,  
 Than his *Fruitless* attempt that *miscarried*.

## CXX.

At last the lean Fools had a sight of the Place,  
 Where they starv'd all in steering their Courses,  
 And resolving to *Feast* and *fatten* apace  
 Leap'd a shore all as Hungry as Horses.

## CXXI.

When they look'd, and they look'd, till they look'd themselves  
 blind,  
 For something to serve 'em for food,  
 But in vain, they could nothing like *Eatables* find  
 Unless they could Dine upon *Wood*.

## CXXII.

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## CXXII.

The next peice of *Wisdom* was to *Chriſten* the Land,  
 But their *Persons* had giv'n up the Ghost,  
 And twas allow'd of at every hand  
 It belong'd to grave *Paterson's Post*.

## CXXIII.

Though the *Saints* were departed stood 'em in little stead  
 In things of advice and reproof,  
 But to *Marry* their *Whores*, and to *Bury* their *Dead*,  
 And that was Employment enough.

## CXXIV.

Having giv'n it the Name of a Parent and Freind  
 They entrench'd it both Forepart and Back,  
 Which nothing but *Scot* would take care to defend,  
 And nothing but *Scot* would attack.

## CXXV.

Where, after they'd tarried looking up to the *Skies*  
 To fend 'em down Meat and Gold Rain,  
 And had wearied their hands and had tir'd out their Eyes,  
 In delving and searching for gain.

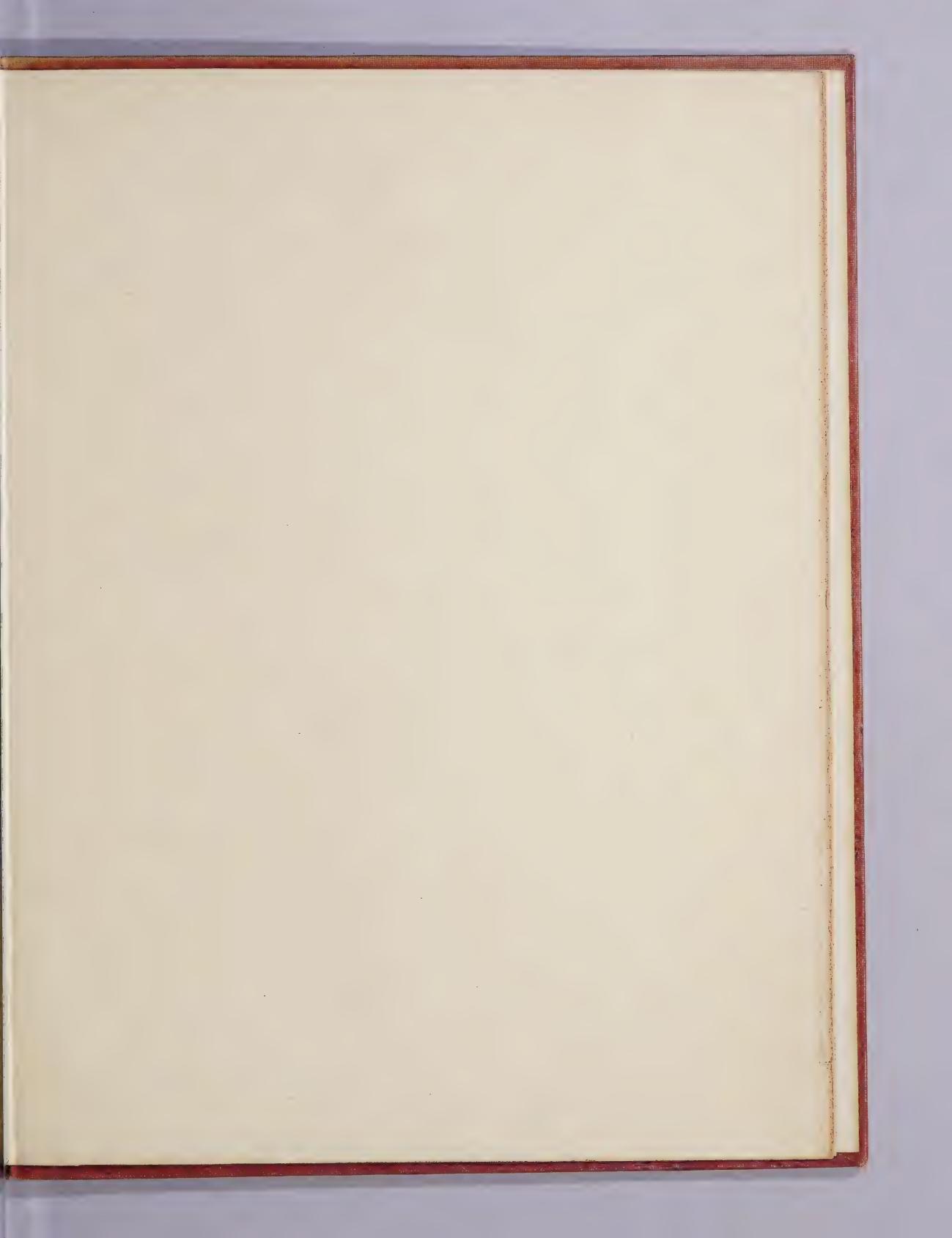
## CXXVI.

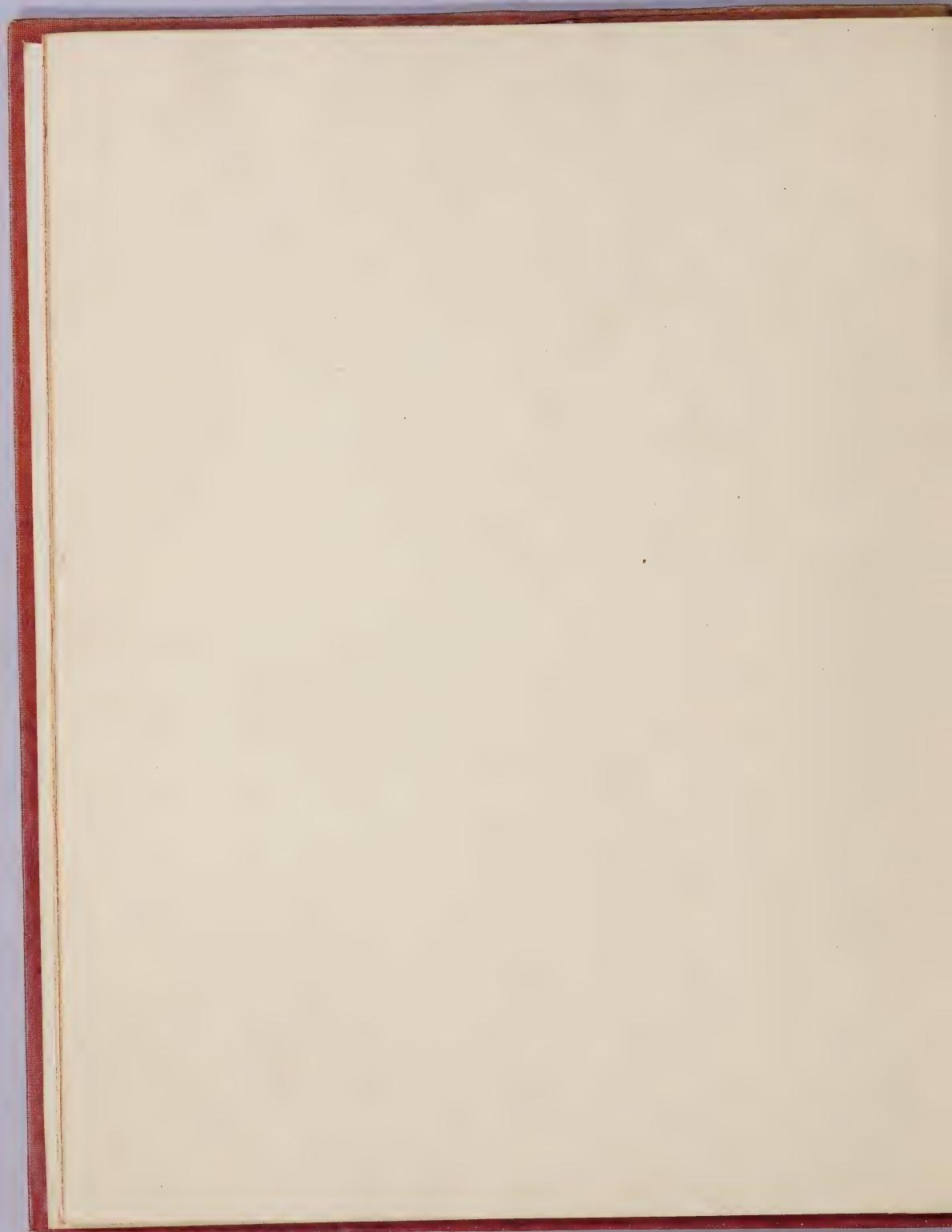
Two Thirds being *dead*, and another made *Slaves*  
 By the Spaniard for fear of his Oar,  
 They left *felling Trees* and ceas'd digging *Graves*,  
 And, crang'd to their Ships from the Shore.

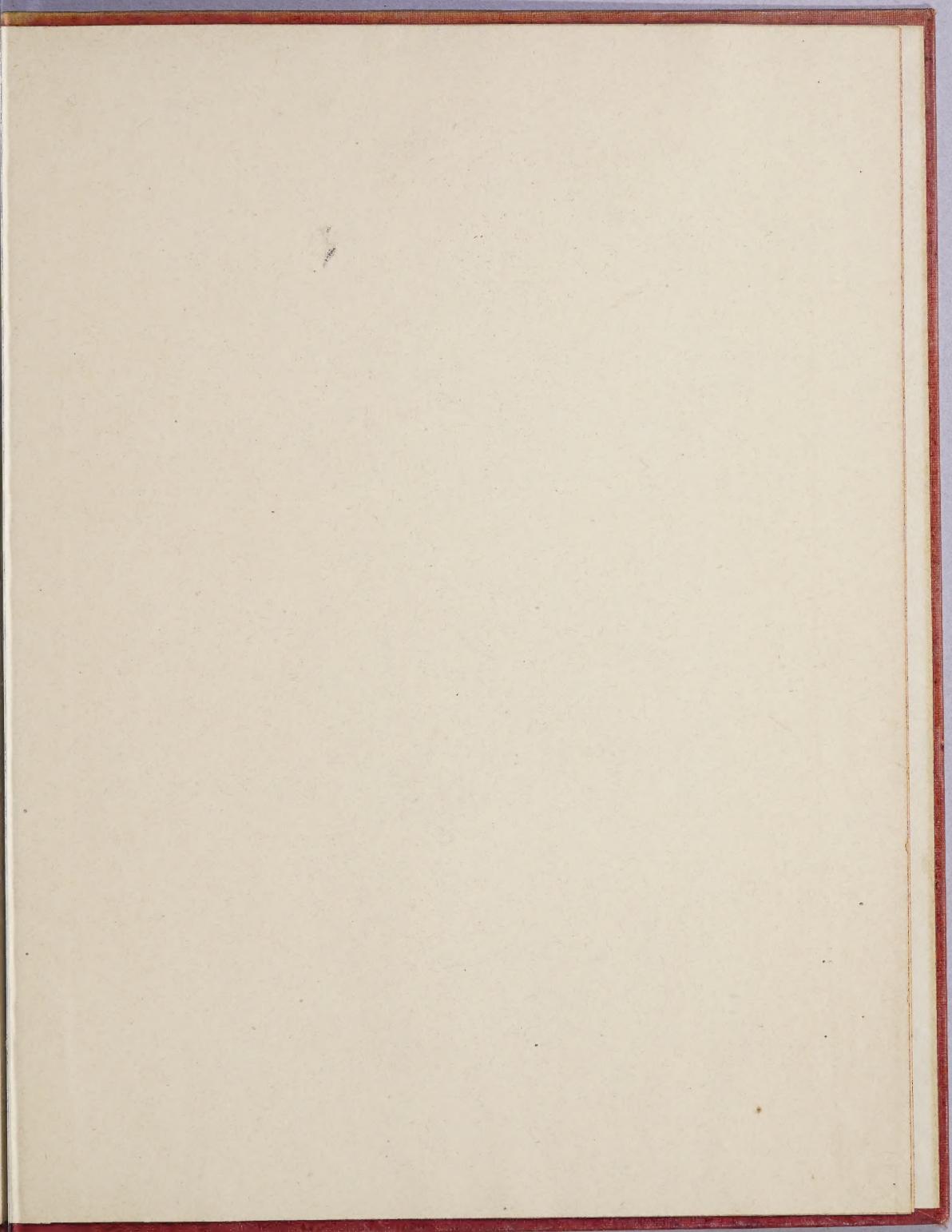
## CXXVII.

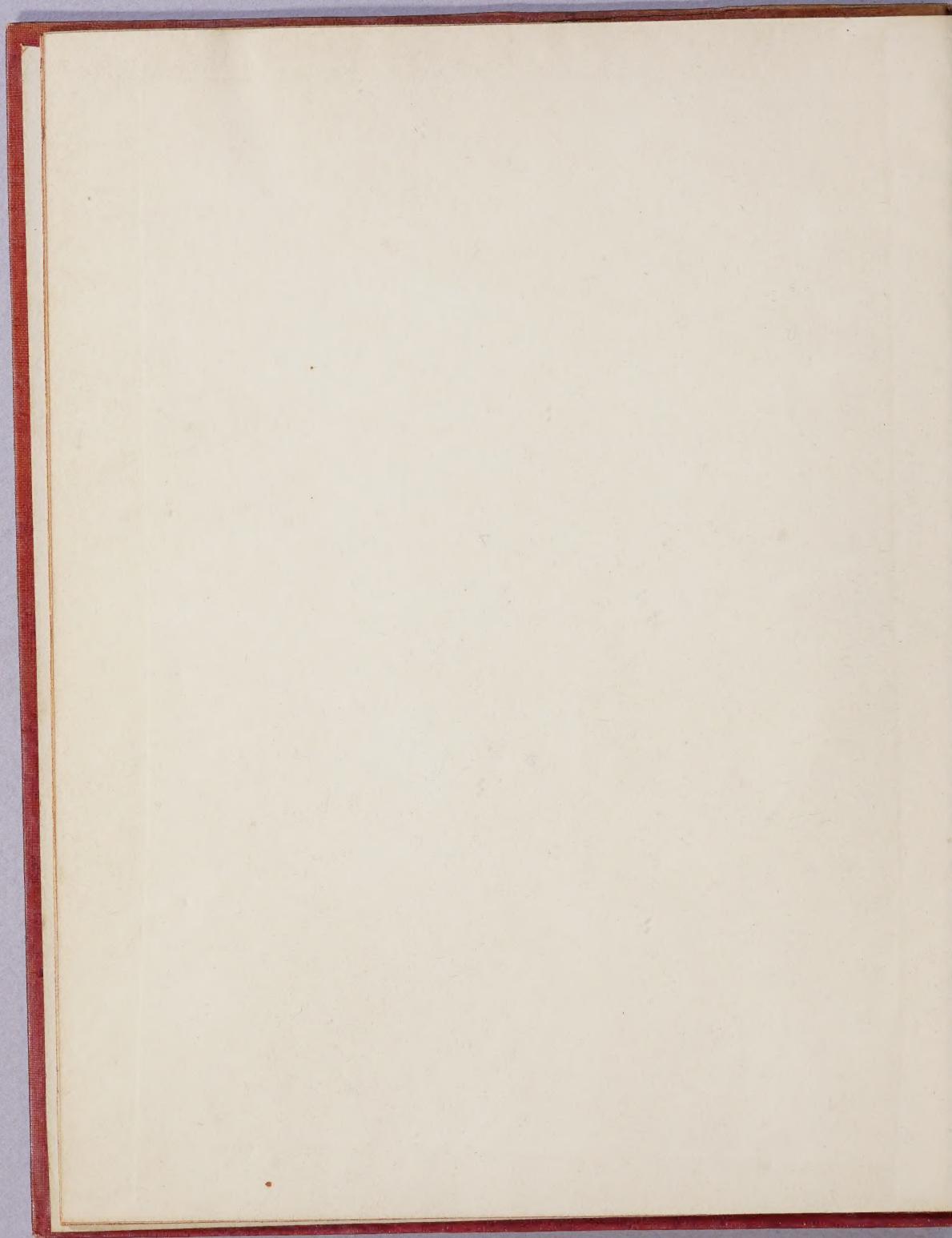
The first Time a *Scot* ever wish'd himself home,  
 For want of good *Air* or of *Bread*,  
 And the last (if he's wise) that he from it will come  
 On such a *Fool's Errand* as Trade.

E. I N S.









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Scott  
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